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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, MARCH 24, 1898. NUMBER 4

THE AUDITORIUM OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION, TO BE HELD AT OMAHA, JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1898.

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Chicago.

PROGRAM

IOWA LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

TO BE HELD AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, APRIL 26, 27, and 28, 1898.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—By H. W. Thomas, D. D., President of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.
Address—Mary A. Safford, Pastor of Unity Church, Sioux City.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.

MRS. EMMA VAN VECHTEN, Presiding.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service — Conducted by Charles Graves, Pastor of Unity Church, Humboldt.

9:30 a. m.—"Some Causes of Modern Unbelief."—N. S. Sage, D. D., Pastor of All Souls Church (Universalist), Charles City.

10:15 a. m.—"Optimism, as Vindicated by the Existence of the Hero-heart."—Arthur M. Judy, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Davenport.

11:00 a. m.—"An Expurgated Christianity."—Sophie Gibb, Pastor of First Universalist Church of Boone.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding Papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service—Conducted by John Mulholland, Pastor of the Independent Universalist Church, Iowa Falls.

9:30 a. m.—"Women's Clubs and the Church."—Mrs. Emma Van Vechten, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Cedar Rapids.

10:00 a. m.—"The Church and Young Men."—P. M. Harmon, D. D., Pastor of the Independent Church, Spring Valley, Minn.

10:30 a. m.—Paper—"Higher Ethical Standards for the Home and Social Life." Rev. Mary Girard Andrews, Omaha, Neb.

11:00 a. m.—"Reciprocity: What a Church can do for a Community; What a Community can do for a Church." Rev. A. R. Tillinghast, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Waterloo.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest times, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pines or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfill thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time.!

—SAM'L LONGFELLOW

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—"Unity and Co-operation."—Chas. E. Perkins, Pastor of the Congregational Church of Keosauqua.

2:30 p. m.—A Free Parliament for the discussion of this subject, and enlarging into a general discussion of the kindred one, "The Fraternity of the Sects: What can we each contribute to the Spiritual Elevation of our Time?"

4:00 p. m.—"The Ideal Reformer."—Amos Crum, D. D., State Superintendent of Universalist Churches, Webster City.

RECESS.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Edmund M. Vittum, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Grinnell.

After the sermon, a reception will be tendered to the people from abroad by the membership of the Universalist Society.

"A Word of Welcome."—C. D. Van Vechten, Cedar Rapids.

"A Word in Response."—Ida C. Hultin, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Moline, Ill.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

HON. JOHN M. REDMOND, Mayor of Cedar Rapids, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—Address—"The Evils of Hasty and Unconsidered Legislation." Hon. J. H. Funk, Speaker House Representatives, Iowa Falls.

2:30 p. m.—"Poverty as a Social Factor."—A. G. Wilson, Pastor of Unity Church, Decorah.

3:00 p. m.—"A Cure for Poverty."—Prof. Hiram B. Loomis, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

3:45 p. m.—"The Contribution of Judaism to Civilization."—Jos. Stolz, Rabbi Isaiah Congregation, Chicago.

4:30 p. m.—"The Public School as a Teacher of Morals and Patriotism."—O. J. Laylander, Superintendent Schools, Cedar Falls.

RECESS.

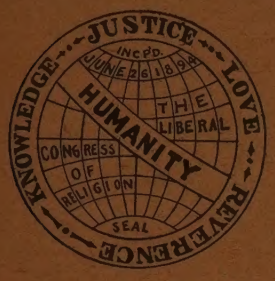
7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor of All Souls Church, and Secretary of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.

"The Concluding Word."—Thomas B. Gregory, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.

RAILROADS Cedar Rapids may be reached by The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, The Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Illinois Central Railways. The exercises will be held in the Universalist Church, corner Third Avenue and Sixth Street, three blocks away from the Union Station. Reception Committee will be found at the church. For further particulars, inquire of the Local Secretary, J. H. PALMER, 520 Eighth Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1898. NUMBER 4



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"Live not without a friend! The Alpine rock must own
Its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone.
Live not without a God! however low or high,
In every house should be a window to the sky."

—W. W. STORY.

The Allegheny and Pittsburg churches in Pennsylvania are moving in the direction of a federation of all the churches for better work in the interest of civic and moral reform. This is congress work indeed.

We are glad to report that E. P. Powell's new book "Nullification and Secession" has, inside of three months, passed into its second edition. We have already spoken of this book as a "peace missionary," peace won not by the "mush of concession," but by the reconciliations of truth.

Lewis G. Janes, in a recent number of the *Literary Digest*, corrects the *Outlook* and the *Digest* in some unpardonable confusion concerning the religions of the Orient and the controversy concerning Vedantism in America. The idea of "converting" Christians into any of the Oriental faiths, or of "converting" the intelligent representatives of the Oriental faiths into Christianity, is a crude hope not to be expected to any great extent in either direction. But the harmonizing, or at least the studying in an appreciative, sympathetic spirit across these lines, is not only a thing to be hoped for, but a thing being realized more and more on both continents.

Mr. Bok in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, as reported in the *Literary Digest*, has been stirring up the vital question, "Is the Sunday-school Decaying?" and he answers it in the affirmative. He calls for more magnetism in superintendents and more competent teachers, which is well, but let there be more integrity in the teaching, more dignity in the subject matter. Even children get tired of "entertainment." They need instruction and education on high themes. The Sunday-school is not a kindergarten and should be done with the childishness which misrepresents even the kindergarten.

We trust that the figures in an exchange are reliable, which says that, "When Queen Victoria ascended the throne there were not more than a hundred abstainers among the ministers of all the religious denominations in the United Kingdom, not a single bishop, and only about a dozen physicians. Recent returns show that now there are two archbishops, fourteen bishops, many thousand clergymen of every denomination, and eighteen hundred physicians that are total abstainers, and that one man in every three in the army is a teetotaler. This is encouraging, but it is sad to think of the bishops that still are among the bibulous."

The last villainy of unconsecrated capital that has come to our notice is the manufacture and placing on the market in the neighborhood of our public schools a new brand of gum known as "gumbacco." Dr. Reynolds, health commissioner for Chicago, when his attention was called to it, said: "I first regarded it as simply an advertising dodge to catch the children. I did not believe that any one would have the hardihood to place a poisonous mixture of gum and tobacco on the market for children." But the city chemist reported that this gum contained a considerable element of nicotine, which of course would cultivate the taste for tobacco and lead the children in the horrible way of depravity and intemperance. Dr. Reynolds has promptly warned the manufacturer and forbidden the sale. This is another illustration of the corrupting power of greed. It is the speculative element back of the beer, the whisky, the tobacco and the gum that makes the battle so desperate a one for the moralist. Their ingenious advertising, their persistent pushing of the tempter with all the snares of sociability, amusement, art, and even specious philosophy, is what render the most favored boys, the well born and the well environed, almost helpless victims in their path.

The *Outlook*, in its "Notes and Queries," says:

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt's address at the Nashville Congress of Religion on "Biblical Criticism and Theological Belief," now that it has been put in pamphlet form by the journal in which it was first published, puts within reach of all those who are interested in the "higher," or, as Professor Schmidt prefers to say, the "historical" criticism, the most full and satisfactory account of it that can be given in so brief compass. It can be had by addressing the publisher of THE NEW UNITY, Chicago, with enclosure of ten cents.

The poems of Fredrick A. Eaton, whose sudden death last September, at the Meadville Theological School, was so lamented by all who knew him, are to be published shortly at Meadville. Rev. O. R. Washburn, of Linesville, Pa., has charge of the work. Only a small edition will be published, and those desiring copies should at once notify Mr. Washburn, Mrs. H. R. Eaton, Lodi, Wis., or Mr. A. H. Spence, of the Meadville Theological School. The book will contain from seventy-five to one hundred pages, and a portrait of the author; the price will not exceed one dollar. Payment is not desired until the book is ready for delivery. As a pathetic promise of a brilliant future never to be realized, this little book will be a valuable contribution to the library of the student of poetry.

The *Congregationalist* says that seventy of their churches, one-third of which are in Massachusetts, now use individual cups at their communion service, and the custom is growing in favor. There is much to be said, of course, in favor of this tendency on the physical side, but spiritually it seems to us to be going still farther away into the realm of the artificial and the arbitrary. If the communion service is to be retained as a spiritual power in the religious life, and we wish it might, it must travel in the other way, back towards the normal meal, the natural eating together with high thoughts and tender memories. If the "Lord's Supper" is to be robbed of its sacerdotal formality and clothed again with its ethical power, it must become again a social supper. Let the conditions be such that the loving may sit down and break their bread together.

An incident in the history of prison life occurred last week at Joliet, which deserves the attention of the thoughtful. Nearly ten years ago, a boy fifteen years old, Jonathan Skeene, asked of a kind but unwise farmer for a drink of water. He gave him instead a pint cup full of strong grape wine, which the verdant boy swallowed. A little further along the road he entered a house, demolished the furniture, and carried away a pistol. A little further along he met his school-teacher, whom he loved and admired, and fired at him and killed him. The boy confessed his crime and was sentenced for life. The other day he was pardoned out by the state pardoning board. During these ten years that farmer boy has been a diligent student of the prison library; he became the prison electrician, and now, at twenty-five, he will try to begin life again in the world as an electrical engineer. There are several lessons in this little paragraph. It is not necessary for us to point them out. Who killed the school-master?

N. D. Hillis announced last Sunday to the Central Music Hall audience that his sermons would not longer be printed in the Monday issues of the *Inter-Ocean*, as the utterances of this pulpit have been, we believe, continuously since the early days of Prof. Swing's ministry. The sermons are transferred to the columns of the *Times-Herald*. The reason given in the columns of the latter paper is that Mr. Hillis cannot conscientiously continue the publication of his sermons in a paper with whose municipal policy he felt so much at variance. The plain English of this is, as we interpret it, that he does not care to have his utterances continuously appear in an organ largely owned and dictated to by Yerkes, the man who just now is engaged in a terrible struggle for the indefinite possession of the street franchise of the city of Chicago. In order to succeed in this game which seeks to rob the people of Chicago of their native rights to the highways with no adequate compensation, he is willing to buy state legislatures, city councils, and he has bought the *Inter Ocean;* but he cannot buy even the seeming sanction of religion. Good for Hillis!

We are glad to put the whilom editor and perpetual assistant and associate, H. M. Simmons, back into the editorial column long enough for him to make his pointed protest against the mad appetite for war that is revealing itself. Pending a more deliberate word which we may give in these columns in the near future, we join with Mr. Simmons in our plea for that honor that will not undertake to resent even a national insult by a further exhibition of national brutality. The poor victims of the Maine cannot be avenged by increasing the number of broken hearts and adding to the flood of woman's tears already started. The only justification for war that seems to us tenable, is a war in the interest of human liberty and the defense of human rights, and this high war can best be waged even in the case of the suffering Cubans, we trust, in the upper air, at an altitude even higher than the Tennysonian battlefields of the future:

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm.

Long before these aërial naval ships will be per-

fected, the other Tennysonian climax will be reached—when

> The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

We print this week on our title page a cut of the auditorium building, now in process of erection at Omaha. The building is to be 246 feet long and 136 feet wide, with two principal entrances. The main floor has a seating capacity of four thousand and a stage of five hundred additional. Surrounding the auditorium there will be some fifteen committee rooms, dressing rooms, etc. The architects, Fisher & Lawrie of Omaha, promise a room of fine acoustic properties. The roof is trussed so as to present an open auditorium. We believe that the management might improve upon the use of the auditorium building made either at the great exposition of Chicago or the smaller one at Nashville. The auditorium as a sort of enclosed park through which men and women pass in and out, at liberty to listen to fine music, is an attractive and valuable feature of such an exposition; but there might be times when, with closed doors after certain hours, and under strictest police regulation which would keep out the inattentive, the great utterances by the greater men of the nation would be listened to with great delight and profit. Men and women cannot *look* all day and the feet refuse to carry all the time. At such times they will be glad to rest the eyes and exercise the ear. Anyhow, it is an experiment worth trying. Let the management provide, say two afternoons in the week, Tuesdays and Fridays, perhaps, for great popular utterances on great questions, not necessarily the hot questions of the day, but the large questions of the ages, such as have engaged the attention of investigators, poets, and philosophers. Let such lectures be prefaced, perhaps, by one or two noble musical numbers; but, when the lecture begins, let the doors be closed, so that only those who want to hear and make a place for such a hearing in their day's planning will be present. Will not the Omaha administration try it? To our mind, this would be a noble solution of the Sunday question also. Let the gates be closed until one o'clock in the afternoon on Sundays, then let them be opened at half rates or less. Let the art galleries, the science exhibits, and the outside of it all be accessible, and at three o'clock let there be a great religious service of song and of sermon. Let the preachers range from Archbishop Ireland to Felix Adler. Under such utterances only the universalities of religion will be handled. But if this experiment is tried, here, also, the idle and the flippant should be warned away by the knowledge that they cannot enter after the services begin, and that they are not supposed to pass out until the services are closed. The exhibitions of mind must keep pace with the exhibitions of matter, if these Expositions are to be increasingly glorious.

"In the Sunny South."

NUMBER II.

Last week my letter was written at Vicksburg, before the evening lecture in the Jewish Temple on "The Parliament of Religion and What Next." A violent March shower that dropped upon the town at just the lecture hour, seriously interfered with the size of the audience; but, as it was, some fifty people gathered, among which was one of the Presbyterian ministers of the town, one of the officers of the Lyceum under whose auspices the lecture was given. Here, as elsewhere, the theme proved of interest to those of varying creeds, and brought to the surface the unquestioned fact that people are sick of theological controversies, and little interested in the "doctrines" that divide as compared to their interest in the principles that unite. This interest does not come from, nor contribute to that "mush of concession" which is so much feared by liberals. Herbert Spencer has enunciated the important principle that that condition of organization is most conducive to development and variation that retains the greatest amount of plasticity consistent with coherency. Applying this principle to spiritual matters, perhaps there is more hope in the "mush of concession" than in the crust of dogmatism, or in the hard cracker of confident liberalism. Anyhow, fluidity is found wherever there is generous appreciation of those who differ from us and this condition alone inspires a loving search for the common inspirations.

Rabbi Solomon is a young man who represents in himself and in his influence more than Jewish thought or Jewish interest. He stands for the amenities and the humanities in Vicksburg, and he and his people are helping along on many lines.

It was a long and quiet Sunday, March 13th, that was spent in driving over the ragged hills of Vicksburg, and through the beautiful city of the dead where lie buried some nine thousand Union soldiers. Of all the national cemeteries I have visited, including the beautiful Arlington itself, this one at Vicksburg is the most satisfying. There is a mystic quality in these beautiful terraces in which sleeps the nation's dead, on the rises of the bluff that once was so terribly seamed with fort and rifle pit, torn with shell and shot. From these heights I had a chance of studying how the deliberations of nature laugh at the impatience of man. The famous "Young's Point Cut Off," dug by the soldiers of General Grant at a cost of so much life and health, hoping to divert the Mississippi from its regular channel for strategic purposes refused then to work. But nine or ten years after

the war was over the river began to act, and now the apathetic Mississippi follows the line designed for it by the Yankee engineers, leaving the high bluffs of Vicksburg inland a mile or more.

A planted cannon marks the spots where Grant and Pemberton held their historic consultation on the third of July, 1863. Were it not for this, I could not have located the spot, directly in front, where the old battery stood with which I was connected.

Early Monday morning I found myself at Memphis, another old camping-ground. Here two days of uninterrupted quiet, capped with two evenings spent socially with groups of interested friends of culture and liberality, one at the home of Mrs. Merriweather, a leader in the suffrage and other movements in the South, the other at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, faithful workers in the little Unitarian movement in the town. Here I learned the particulars of the last days of Mr. Forbush, who seems to have taken up the work at Memphis nine months ago, with his apparently strong constitution already shattered. It was a general dissolution, one organ after another breaking down, culminating in a hemorrhage which eased him out of the world. His last field of labor will cherish his memory tenderly. His death clouded again the rising hopes of the Unitarian society in this place. This little band are faithful, developing wise schemes for building. They see that the thing that is needed is not another schism, another sect that will furnish more acceptable privileges to a few, though that is legitimate and desirable, but something that will offer a rallying point around which the growing thought, the civic life, the culture forces of the city will more and more gather. May their wisdom be equal to their opportunity!

At Newburn, Tenn., some eighty miles north of Memphis, THE NEW UNITY has one subscriber, and this one, as in many other cases, was enough to stop the editor on his homeward flight; and on Wednesday night, in the audience room of the village seminary, he talked to a little band, mostly teachers and pupils, on "The Three Reverences of Goethe." Meanwhile, in the neighboring church a Baptist Ministerial Institute was in session, the afternoon session of which I visited, greatly to my instruction. Perhaps thirty ministers were assembled from West Tennessee and Kentucky. The method was that of the Query Box. The questions were all textual. The "woman and child of the Revelations," the "man of perdition," and similar tough nuts were offered, and they were promptly and confidently cracked by the parties to whom the questions were assigned. One indication of progress, at least — each minister was armed with a Bible, the Revised Version, the version of the Bible Union, and the "Diaglott" were much in evidence. The afternoon session was closed with a fine tournament over the ever-fertile doctrine of Election and The Decrees. The question this time was whether there was such a thing as a "qualified salvation" possible, the triumphant oratory of the afternoon being characterized by an opponent as that drawn from the "Old Lecter Book," from which the orator had been debating for seventeen years in Kentucky and Tennessee.

On Thursday the 17th I was at my desk again, having been absent just fourteen days, having traveled 1,924 miles, visited nine towns, and addressed in one way or another fifteen different assemblies. The tangible results of the trip are at least a rest to the brain, a sun bath to the body, a quickening of sympathies by a revival of old memories, and an unmeasured encouragement in the thought that the time is ripening for something better than protests and disputing and denying protestantisms. The affirmations of the coming catholic church are longed for. The People's Church that must yet become a power in American life, possibly the forerunner of that Catholic Church of Humanity which already exists in the dreams of the saints, and in the philosophies of the competent, and which must sometimes be realized in the lives of men and women. There is a new South, and in some ways it may outreach and outrun the old North, if the North does not continuously renew itself.

At Athens, Tenn., we found the "Ritter Industrial School for Girls," a model home, built and largely sustained by the Women's Missionary Methodist Society of the North, where seventy-five girls are taught all the domestic arts in a scientific way in connection with their other college privileges, at the cost of seven dollars a month. A native with exceptional opportunities of studying the condition of the colored man, says that unquestionably the race is steadily rising. The divided opinion concerning currency problems is dividing the solid democracy of the South, greatly to the advantage of the South; for anything that breaks up *solid partisanship* anywhere by thought methods must be helpful to any community.

To sum up, in another way, my trip has given me a chance to take another hold. It has deepened my desire to continue and my faith in the ultimate triumph in some hands, some day, of the cause THE NEW UNITY stands for. In this faith I take up the work where it was laid down two weeks ago, and ask the co-operation of our readers. J LI. J

War Fallacies.

One of the foremost Southern papers, the Columbia *State*, gives, among the advantages which war would bring, that "many productive industries would be greatly stimulated;" "provisions would rise in price;" "there would be a large expenditure of money by the government." To help trade

and give work; and "those dependent on the killed will be pensioned; they will not be left to starve, like the dependents of the victims of peace." As such arguments are quite common now, it is well to analyze them.

If there would be an increased "expenditure of money by the government," it would all have to be paid by the people, with more of the taxes which they think too high already. If the prices of provisions and other things would rise to bring help to the sellers, it would bring just as much harm to the buyers, that is, to the mass of the people; and wages in war time never rise so fast or so far as does the cost of living. If "those dependent on the killed will be pensioned," and so blessed by the war, this will be no blessing to the people who have to pay the pensions. The $140,000,000 a year, which we are now paying for old ones, ought to content us at present, and make us patient to wait a little before we add any more blessings of that kind.

Besides, every one of these advantages can be obtained just as well without the waste of life that war brings. If we want more pensions, we can grant them to men without getting them wounded, and to families without making them "dependent on the killed." If we want that rise in prices of food and other things, we can get it without losing a life, by merely burning our elevators and storehouses. Do not wait for the slow waste of war, but begin its destruction at once, and hasten that rise in prices, for all to pay and enjoy, without having to mar their joy with tears for any slain. So we can get that increased demand for work just as well without war. Burn Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago; blow up Boston, New York and Philadelphia; and there will at once be demand for more work than our people want to do. All those blessings which war brings can be obtained just as well without it and its slaughters.

Or if, as many people say, war itself is needed to tone up the nation, and our moral character would be improved by fighting and killing people somewhere, still we need not take the time and trouble to build a navy and cross the ocean to meet Spaniards. Nay, that would defeat our wish to harm those hated Spaniards; for if we allow them to fight it would tone up their nation, too, and improve their character, which is just what we do not want. If we are true patriots, we will leave Spain and all foreign nations to rot in the degradation of peace, and confine to our own country this blessing of war. The best way would seem to be for all those who believe in that principle of national betterment by bloodshed, to take the field at home, in two opposing camps, and fight and kill each other until they feel that their moral character has been sufficiently refined and elevated. It is probably true that the conflict would leave the national sentiment and character more perfect. H. M. S.

In Memoriam.

The preoccupations incidental to the editorial desk have interfered with an earlier notice of the death of Frances Elizabeth Newbury Bagley, the widow of the great Michigan governor, John J. Bagley. Mrs. Bagley had a greatness quite her own, and after the genial governor passed on, she continued to be a leader on many lines, all of which were high lines. Up to the time of her death, which occurred in Colorado, Mrs. Bagley was a woman of national influence and international sympathies, and now that she has gone, she leaves behind many gracious memories in the hearts of workers for and readers of THE NEW UNITY. In another column we print the memorial word of another woman, Mrs. Mary E. Bagg, of Syracuse, a worthy co-worker of Mrs. Bagley in the field of reform.

In the sudden death of Mrs. I. Price Fell, which occurred March 5th, the hearts of many friends in St. Louis, Bloomington and Chicago were saddened. Her death has bereft All Souls Church of another efficient and tireless worker. Mrs. Fell, by ancestry and by training, was a missionary of culture, and as head of the Magazine Dispensary of All Souls Church, she created a unique industry which was far-reaching in its beneficence. Through her, great quantities of old magazines and other unbound material of high quality have been distributed for several years, her parcels reaching from Michigan to Washington Territory, from the colored schools in the South to the Indian schools in the far West; and the correspondence connected therewith made her the mother confessor of many a lonely heart. She had a wide and loving parish. Mr. Jones being absent at the time of her death, a tender memorial service was held in the church last Sunday afternoon, which was attended by those who had learned to love the gentle spirit and to appreciate her quiet work. The husband and son, who are left behind, have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

To mention still another earnest friend and able supporter of the cause we stand for, we are glad to make room for the following sketch of one who, in the earlier missionary days of the editor of this paper, was a constant adviser and supporter. The following words come from one who was better acquainted with the details of this loyal life, and had better right to note them down. But in respect for his high character and appreciation of his genial fellowship, we fully share and thus desire to render our tribute with that of our associate, Mr. Simmons, his comrade and pastor.

The liberal religious movement in the Northwest has just lost one of its pioneers and steadfast supporters, in the person

of O. P. Whitcomb. In 1845, when a boy, he came from New York to Wisconsin, and lived eleven years in Fond du Lac county, where he made himself known as a teacher and town superintendent of schools. He then moved to a Minnesota farm, where he soon so won the public trust as to be made county treasurer at the age of twenty-nine, and to be kept in that office for six years. During the next few years at Rochester, the county seat, he was honored with various offices, from member of the board of education up to mayor. He was especially active in educational matters,—in organizing, directing and supporting, not only the schools, but the public library. His reputation soon outgrew the county, and he was made president of the State Agricultural Society. At length, in 1872, he was honored with the office of State Auditor, and held it through three terms, nine years; during which, and largely by his efforts, the present tax law of Minnesota was enacted. All these various offices he filled with signal success, was highly respected for his ability and incorruptibility, and was widely loved for his warm heart, his modest ways, his generosity of time and money to persons and causes calling for it. He gave himself devotedly to the liberal religious work; was one of the most active trustees and builders of Mr. Gannett's church in St. Paul; was the prime mover in starting the present Unitarian Society in Minneapolis, and was a faithful friend and supporter of UNITY from its start.

In 1883 Mr. Whitcomb moved to Colorado to take charge of mining interests there, and to repair his private fortunes, which had been suffering in his public work. But misfortunes met him instead; his property slipped away, and the rest of his life was mainly a fight with reverses of various kinds. Yet he continued the struggle most manfully, never despairing, never complaining, never swerving in the least from the line of honesty and honor. Dr. T. H. Everts, whom many of the readers of UNITY will remember, and who was Mr. Whitcomb's most intimate companion in Colorado, says of him: "No man whom I have known, under extreme adversity, was ever more invulnerable toward all temptation to depart from the way of rectitude." This same witness tells how he retained his generosity, too, and says that though, in his reverses, he "reached a point of poverty that was deeply humiliating to himself," yet "never did he become so poor that he did not help somebody." His tenderness extended to animals,—to horses, cattle, dogs,—and in his later years nothing could persuade him, even in a hunting land, to shoot a game bird.

But his worst misfortune was still to come. About two years ago, he was attacked by an insidious shaking paralysis, which soon left him physically helpless and doomed him to live month after month, often in intense suffering of body, and hardly less of mind at thought of the dependence to which he was reduced. Yet, even under these trials, he retained all his manliness of character and sweetness of spirit. Dr. Everts, who was his almost constant attendant during his sickness in Colorado, says that in his sufferings he was always full of sympathy for the other patients in the hospital, and found his best relief in asking after and conversing with them. His "integral character shone out clear, bright, beautifully luminous through all the obscurations of the fell disease." His kindness of heart could not be conquered by severest trials; but, says Dr. Everts, "was an unfailing instinct, making him the most naturally polite, the most thoughtfully attentive, the truest gentleman, of all men I have known."

Mr. Whitcomb was brought back to Minnesota last summer, and remained at Mankato, under the care of friends, until the death, which he so desired. His body was taken to his old home at Rochester, and, on March 10th, was attended to the grave by a loving sister and brother, and a gathering of friends from near and far. The customary funeral words were spoken, but it was felt that Mr. Whitcomb's life had been its own eulogy, and had been the true sermon, preaching manliness, integrity, rare modesty amid honors, rare patience amid afflictions, rare kindness and helpfulness through all. Even the closing years of misfortune, though humiliating to his sensitive nature, would seem to many the most valuable, in showing a character worth more than all the wealth he had lost, and than all the honors which had been bestowed upon him.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

There is a wholesome reaction from the tendency of the courts to government by injunction. This was a short and tempting way, whereby the judges undertook to block the somewhat turbulent, at least troublesome, movements of labor organizations. But it grew rapidly in the minds of the people that no such power was intended to be placed in the hands of the courts; and if exercised by them could develop a tyranny worse than any possible development of mob rule. Judge Tuley, of Chicago, urged wisely that the use of injunction to patrol a public highway by armed marshals is a usurpation of power on the part of the courts—a power that belongs with the executive branch of the government. The use of injunction was originally intended for no such purpose. The courts themselves are now deciding against the exercise of any such power. Certainly the people will act wisely if they read history, which shows that the worst tyrannies of the past have been those which originated with, or were sustained by the judiciary. Our courts have a legitimate and noble part, and should be honored in the execution thereof.

The Labor Commission, proposed by Congress, creates a commission of five members to be appointed by the Speaker of the House, five by the President of the Senate, and nine by the President. The members of the Commission are to represent both business and labor, and to be selected from all political parties. The questions to be considered are, immigration, manufactures, and the rights of labor. It will then be the work of the Commission to report to Congress recommendations for legislation. This Commission is to be similar to those of France, England and Germany; composed of men able to make a comprehensive study of the conditions of capital and labor, and frame judicious laws. An Arbitration Bill is introduced, which has in view the prevention of strikes, and to bring about an understanding between the parties by fair mediation.

Another measure which ought to be crowded for hearing is the "Contempt of Court Bill." The object is to check the tendency to prevent a man from a hearing or a trial who has fallen under the charge of contempt of court. A murderer, caught in the very act, is given the right of trial; but a man who is arrested for contempt of court is denied trial. During the recent labor troubles, men who had not heard of the existence of the court, living many miles away and not knowing of its orders, were imprisoned for contempt. The object of the bill is to allow the man a hearing, to determine whether he is guilty of contempt or not. Legislation on this line is legislation to preserve the liberties of the people.

The *Outlook* is generally so incisive and clear-headed that we regret to find a passage in its columns that is neither clear nor incisive. It says, concerning our relation to Spain and Cuba: "Our situation is analogous to that of one who hears domestic quarreling going on in his neighbor's house. If he is wise, his general policy will be not to interfere. But that quarrel may take such dimensions, and assume such forms, as to make interference a duty. Respecting this duty of the nation toward Cuba, it is also necessary for the people to wait for further information." But if it be known that the man is murdering his wife and children, the neighbor would be neither wise nor human if he waited to find out how many of the family were likely to be put to death. The real character of the war in Cuba has been known for two years. If the United States had interfered two years ago, it would have saved, not only thousands of Cubans, but ourselves much trouble, and a probable war. The only question for many months has been whether Spain would annihilate the Cubans as completely as she annihilated the Caribs when she first found the West Indies. We turn with unlimited pleasure to another part of the *Outlook* for March, which contains an inimitable piece of literary work by the editor, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabié, entitled, "The Background of Wordsworth's Poetry." For pure literature, recalling the good old times of the Edinburg Reviewers, we have seen nothing better. Then Edward Everett Hale follows with a most exquisite and comprehensive essay on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends." And these are not all the extra good things contained in the March *Outlook*.

We have so long been accustomed to look for common sense and independence, in educational matters, to Doctor Eliot, of Harvard, that we are not surprised, at last, to find him foreshadowing another great change in matters pertaining to colleges and universities. He says: "The future attitude of the university is likely to be, not continued insistence upon certain school studies as essential to preparation for college, but insistence that the gates to a university education shall not be closed to a candidate in consequence of his omission at school of any particular studies; provided that his school course has been so composed as to afford him a sound training of some sort." This movement is demanded by the fact that college education has admitted a large range of specialties. It is the next step of radical reform in higher school methods. By all means, emancipate the lower schools from bondage to college demands.

Ay, as God lives, a sweetness greater than we know
Abides in death, as zones of summer bud and blow
Undreamed of while men shiver in a hut of snow.
There is prepared a mightier surprise
Than any dares to dream, or hope for, or surmise.
—*William Prescott Foster, in Atlantic Monthly.*

The Ethical Word.

"Two things move me to ever greater awe: the starry heaven above me and the moral law within me.

"Duty! Words so sublime and full of meaning, whence art thou, and what origin is worthy of thee? Thou dost not appeal to us through the persuasiveness of passion; not by threats dost thou seek to stir our wills; thou wouldst not have us shrink from thee in fear and terror. But thou settest up a law which is of our own souls: to this law thou exactest unconditional submission. Before this law we bow in awe, even though not always in obedience; all feelings retire before it in silence, even though they may seek to evade its decrees."

—*Immanuel Kant.*

Can ethics be taught? Will sound teaching lead to a sound life? If a man can only be made to know what is right, will he act accordingly, will he do the right?

Socrates evidently believed so. He tried it and was put to death for his pains. The same people whom he sought to educate ethically, most unethically made him drink the hemlock. If he were back again on earth to-day, I wonder what he would think. Would he cling to the same philosophy? If he could look back over the last two thousand years of history, would he still believe that ethics could be taught?

Can it be that it is *drill*, hard drill, rather than teaching, which gives a man character? Is it possible that the routine of labor, what we call the drudgery of life, the steady grind at the machine or at the desk, is what, in the long run, best serves to bring the soul on to a straight line? Can it be that drill in the arms and legs puts ethics into the character? Is it possible that the wearisome military drill over in Germany does more to plant sturdiness and steadiness among the people there, than all their vaunted school system? Is it possible that the absence of "drill" in this country, the go-as-you-please privilege granted to the youth of our land, is causing a decline in the manhood of our citizens?

Then is our teaching all for naught? No, not quite. It may be that a steady hammering of certain thoughts on the mind, if it is only kept up long enough, can exercise something of the same influence that comes from drill with the legs and arms. Only it is a slow process. Giving a man an ethical thought just once, helps but little; it must be said to him a thousand times, in a thousand ways. Even then it can only accomplish much when it is backed up by stern home drill, or the stern drill of everyday life. Make life easy for a man, and there is no use teaching him ethics. People who can always do as they please, can never have strong character.

Can religion be taught? Can thoughts about

spirituality put soul into a man? Will he care to live the spiritual life if he is told of its true value?

Jesus evidently thought so. He tried it; but He, too, met death for His pains. The same people to whom he sought to give religion by His teaching led Him to His crucifixion. And the world which professes to believe in Him has been crucifying Him ever since. He said, "Consider the lilies." They answer, "Amen;" and they go on considering "mammon." They are not in the next world yet, and they would like to get all they can out of this. It is "being practical," I suppose.

Is the world more religious to-day than it was eighteen hundred years ago? It is hard to answer. When the social conditions or the social system pulls one way and religion tries to pull the other, which one is going to triumph?

Was there ever so much preaching since the world began as there is to-day?—and such good preaching, too; such beautiful thoughts clothed in such beautiful language; such sweetness and light; *and so much of it!* Why is it that we are not all made religious at once?

I think we can answer why. Religion comes from a *man*, and not so much from what he has to say. The trouble lies not with the preaching, but with the preachers. Religion, in the long run, spreads by infection. People catch it when they may be quite unconscious of it. Only as it affects one person and changes *him*, does it pass on to another and still to another. If the preacher is "just like other people," why should other people take of his religion? One man like Father Huntington, who *lives* his religion, is worth more in its cause than the unctuous piety that speaks from ten thousand lips. If the church ever wins back its influence and prestige, it will be owing to the influence of such men. And as for the rest of them, the preachers, they may as well take to the woods. Who wants their religion if they do not want it for themselves!

By the way, what is all this talk about *fin de siècle* pessimism or degeneracy? I will tell you what it stands for. It means drugs—something to make the nerves tingle and give the soul a sense of hugeness, as if it were as big as the universe,—"as if I were God." And then there is the reaction, when the soul begins to shrink and dwindle away, getting smaller and smaller, until it has shrunken all out of shape. Then it puts its shrunken shape into verse or philosophy and calls it "world-weariness."

What a dignity that name gives to poisoned nerves or to a poisoned soul—world-weariness! Two thousand years ago it *meant* something, such a philosophy, that distress of soul over the inadequacy of knowledge. To-day it means cocaine, opium, hashish, morphine; too much nicotine, caffeine or tannine. If you *will* poison yourself with drugs, do n't blaspheme the nature of things by calling your sick mutterings with the name of philosophy! There is no more pessimism in healthy human nature to-day than there ever was. Life will always be a pleasure to those who live normally.

How is it that we can never tell our dearest friends what others say of them, even those nearest and dearest to us? It is the one strain that affection cannot bear. Risk it not. As you would keep their love, do not try it.

Is it that people prefer to be blind? No, not that. They will hear it somehow, only they do not want to hear it from those they love. From those they love they want peace.

After all, is there anything in the wide world so sweet as peace? There is so much jar everywhere, jar on the nerves, jar on the mind. The ugliness of things jars us, the ugliness of people jars us, the ugliness of men's characters jars us, the ugliness in ourselves jars us most of all. It would seem as if all nature conspired to jar us.

And then when the jar stops sometimes, when a sunset strikes us, or when the stars look down on us and say "hush," or the dome of the blue sky envelops us, as if we had just seen it for the first time —then how the nerves quiet down and the soul within us just rests for awhile! It is worth all the pain, only to feel the pain slip away. Is there anything else like it, this sense of peace!

"Of all the things which a man has, next to the Gods, his soul is the most divine and most truly his own. Now, in every man there are two parts: the better and superior, which rules, and the worse and inferior, which serves; and the ruling part of him is always to be preferred to the subject. Wherefore I am right in bidding every one next to the Gods, who are our masters, and those who in order follow them to honor his own soul, which every one seems to honor, but no one honors as he ought, for honor is a divine good, and no evil thing is honorable, and he who thinks that he can honor the soul by word or gift, or any sort of compliance, without making her in any way better, seems to honor her, but honors her not at all. Again, when a man thinks that others are to be blamed, and not himself, for the errors which he has committed from time to time, and the many and great evils which befell him in consequence, and is always fancying himself to be exempt and innocent, he is under the idea that he is honoring his soul; whereas the very reverse is the fact, for he is really injuring her. Again, when any one prefers beauty to virtue, what is that but the real and utter dishonor of the soul? For such a preference implies that the body is more honorable than the soul, and this is false, for there is nothing of earthly birth which is more honorable than the heavenly, and he who thinks otherwise of the soul has no idea how greatly he undervalues this wonderful possession."—*Plato.* W. L. S.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Evening Prayer.

I sit upon the shore of night
And search my soul to see,
As now the day sinks from my sight,
What it hath done for me:

Lives there in me to-night
More tenderness and might
Because of all that did befall to-day?
Am I a stronger man
With heart more kind, and can
I face the night with fearless sight?

Hide not from me the wrong I 've done,
Nor let me be, Great Night! as one
Who is content, if I 've misspent my day.

I want no joy that brings
With it the shame of things
Unmerited. But choose instead
To face the awful fact
Of what, by word or act,
Has weakened me. Oh, let me see to-night
How, from the wreck of what is past,
I may achieve at last
A life complete.

This be my evening prayer;
That now and ever, there
May come to me no shame
Of what I tried to be!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Mrs. Mary E. Bagg.

The cause of liberal religion has lost a firm friend in the death of Mrs. Mary E. Bagg, who passed away at Pinehurst, N. C., on January 23, 1898. Up to the time of her fatal illness, three years ago, she was a constant and appreciative reader of NEW UNITY or UNITY, as we first learned to call it. She was a leader in the Unitarian Church of Syracuse, at one time its Sunday-school superintendent, and the president of the Woman's Alliance from its organization until compelled, by ill health, to withdraw. She was foremost in the philanthropic and educational work of the city. She lived her creed, which was, like the UNITY'S, "freedom, fellowship, and character in religion." Possessed of rare intellectual and social gifts, she exerted a wide influence, and did much to break down the barriers of prejudice and misapprehension which were formerly so generally entertained in regard to those of advanced religious faith.

Mrs. Bagg was a champion of every true reform, and stood bravely, wisely, and unswervingly for freedom. The advancement of woman was especially dear to her, and she gave her great influence to that cause, serving as the first president of the Political Equality Club in Syracuse, for the sake of helping the work when her strength was already failing.

The following words were spoken at the funeral by her friend, Mr. Charles de B. Mills:

"My acquaintance with Mrs. Bagg covered a period of more than forty years, all of which time was enriched with the experiences and remembrances of a great uplifting and helpful soul. Her presence was an incitement and her word of cheer, freely given, was perpetual enlargement and strength. Others might falter in their hope and devotion to the cause of human growth and progress, but her faith never suffered the least dimness or obscuration by any cloud of haze or doubt. She foresaw the conquest of truth for the individual and for humanity, and she pressed forward and wrought, with an assurance and zeal, an enthusiasm that never cooled, and a faith that never abated one jot of its trust.

"There were many eminent qualities that shone in the character and life of our departed sister. I will mention two or three only, which seem to me to have been most signal and pronounced.

"There are two great lessons which it is appointed to all mortals to learn in this life. The lesson, on the one hand, of fortitude, of endurance, and on the other, of girding one's self up to unwearied exertion. They are both difficult of acquirement, and, especially the first, it is well nigh impossible in the case of most of us to master.

Double road is given to mortals to ascend to virtue's height;
If the one be closed, the other open stands, both day and night;
Some by action reach it, others by the path of suffering go,
Happy they to whom 'tis granted, loving to unite the two.

"Our sister had traveled familiarly and long upon this road, and had acquired a signal mastery of its ways and windings.

"I hardly know so marked an example of that high repose, that sunny, invincible patience which freely accepted all that might be appointed in the pathway of life without a thought of repining or feeling any solicitude, or indulging in aught of complaint. She was able, day by day, in her heart of hearts, to declare, 'It is well.' In this, her exceptional serenity and patience, she was and is a monitor and an incitement to us all. I might refer to the qualities of mind for which she was distinguished. She had an ardent and irrepressible thirst for knowledge. She gathered freely of the results in scientific exploration and thought, and had a warm welcome always for fresh truth. She was looking ever for better and more in the growth and attainment of humanity, and stood through all the years of her life, her face upturned, looking to the dawn. She was a child of the morning. She was never to be startled or alarmed by any new perception or discovery in the world of advancing truth and knowledge. Her spirit was open to growth, to advancement and progress, to the farthest end. She was preëminently one of those of whom the poet said:

Those souls that of His own good life partake,
He loves as His own self;
Dear as His eye they are to Him
He 'll never them forsake.
When they shall die, then God Himself shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity.

"To the dear one lately parted from earth the doors of an hospitable heaven are open. All angels rise to greet her, and the warm benediction of the many souls she has inspired and helped forward in life are the chaplet of glory and praise which, in the heaven of heavens, to which she has ascended, await to enrich and to bless her.

"It is not death that we are here to-day to mark and to mourn. It is an ascension—an ascension of a royal nature to the fellowship and benediction of the skies."

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Child Study.

The Education of Children Before They Reach the School Age.

Child-study is a subject to which the professional educators, psychologists and philanthropists are nowadays devoting careful attention, and it has assumed an importance not to be disregarded by mothers. By child-study is meant the observation of the child's development, not only physical but mental; the physiologists tell which senses develop first; in what order the muscles are used; how the brain and nerve-centers wake up; how language, how conscience appears, and every one of these facts has a bearing on our treatment of the unfolding organism. For example, "the anatomists tell us," says Prof. Bain, "that the brain grows with great rapidity up to seven years of age; it then attains an average weight of forty ounces. The exercise is much slower between seven and fourteen; between fourteen and twenty still slower, when it is very near its greatest size. Consequently, some of the more difficult intellectual exercises, that would be impossible at five or six, are easy at eight, through the fact of the brain-growth alone." This would seem to indicate that we should not set our children school tasks, especially any mathematical tasks, until they are at least seven years of age. The physiologists have again been telling us lately that a brain all once overworked, is "lost forever," and "Prendergast tells us emphatically, that after fifteen minutes the memory organs of the brain have lost the cream of their working power; that after those fifteen minutes they should have a chance to rest, before they are set to accumlating more. He is willing that they should return to their tasks many, many times in a day. But he begs that they may be rested after a quarter hour of stern, keen application."

Another argument for frequent rest and change (and it is a strong argument for manual training, and explains the physiological reason of the experience which says that the pupils who take manual training do even better in their intellectual work than the other pupils) is to be found in the fact mentioned by Prof. James, that after an effort has been made, a path opened in the brain, the nutritive action of the blood tends to clear away obstacles and make the path better, so that, in going back to a subject, or to a muscular exercise, after a rest, we find that we have actually gained in skill. So that a German author has been led to say that we learn to skate in the summer and to swim in winter. At least this is undoubted; that the child learns more in his fallow hours than the sower and reaper dreams; and that it is a serious mistake of educators to arrange that the fallow hours be few.

Let us hope that the pushing, ambitious teacher will take this to heart; and let us mothers, before we give over the tender minds to the demands of a fixed course, which insists that every child shall do a given amount in a given time, let us "swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind," not "in the hollow Lotos-land to live and die reclined," but to let our little children bask in the Lotos-land where there are no tasks and no examinations and no prizes and no "standings," as long as ever we can. Let them grow untrammelled, under the influence of nature, like Wordsworth's Lucy:

> She shall be sportive as the fawn
> That wild with glee across the lawn
> Or up the mountain springs;
> And her's shall be the breathing balm,
> And hers the silence and the calm
> Of mute, insensate things.

Let them develop spontaneously, gradually. Answer their questions as they aris. Froebel's theory was that the child should be so intelligently directed that his "self-activity" (in the uncouth, dalf-English jargon of the translators), that is, I take it, his own curious, active nature, should teach him, in a logical sequence, the ideas of color, form, size, weight, etc. His famous gifts, beginning with the colored balls for the infant of six months, and continuing with various geometrical solids and shapes—and his Mother Play and Songs—are supposed to be the highest wisdom yet applied to education. No doubt there is much that is very helpful, profound, and practical in his teaching. But I must confess that I think very exaggerated claims are made for the kindergarten system as it is—and for Froebel's theories, and especially for his songs and verses in English translations. We have much better poetry for even little children in English. And as for much, not only of the kindergarten weaving and working, but also much of the writing and drawing taught little children, I feel like proclaiming from the housetops the teaching of Dr. Stanley Hall, that they tax the childish hand and brain far too much. The nerve-centers which control the more cramped movements of the arm and fingers do not develop until some time after the centers which control the more free and ample movements of the arm. My own conclusion, very modestly put forward, therefore, is to keep the children with their mothers, with little direct teaching, for the first seven years of their lives—under ordinary circumstances. For those children whose mothers cannot give them sufficient care at home, the kindergarten is a noble philanthropic institution; and it may be that a really gifted and well-trained kindergarten can add some touches to the symmetry of every child's development which the mother cannot give—especially in regard to the relations of other children.

Another lesson we may learn from the students, both in physiology and psychology, is the inestimable importance of habit. I wish every mother would read and ponder Professor James' chapter on Habit in his Psychology. Habit is the law of the universe; even dead matter has what may be called acquired habits. The French thinker, Dumont, says: "The sounds of a violin improve by use in the hands of an able artist because the fibres of the wood at last contract habits of vibration conformed to harmonic relations. This is what gives such inestimable value to instruments that have belonged to great masters. Just so the impressions of outer objects fashion for themselves paths in the nervous system. The soul of the child is a violin, responsive to our attempts to evoke harmony; if we play on it with a mother hand, the life of that soul will never be discordant. Every false note, every jarring chord, injures the perfection of the instrument.

It is much easier to impress habits on the growing organism. By the time our children are seven years old we should have made as many daily useful actions as possible, habitual and automatic. We do recognize this in our physical training—but we should also systematically impress habits, not spasmodic good actions, irregular, whimsical, but habits of industry, helpfulness, perseverance, obedience, cheerfulness, truthfulness—though always with the truth in mind, that all the little child's powers are feeble, and that we must not expect difficult and heroic virtue. The solemn truth often stares me in the face, that the responsibility of the mother does not end with good advice, but with actual performance on the part of the child.

Obedience, then, is absolutely essential, at least on the part of little children, and if it is required promptly and invariably the child soon looks upon all his daily routine as part of the laws of the universe and never thinks of rebelling. But the firmness, the inevitableness, is absolutely necessary. One little three-year-old had been indulged until, on going to a new home, she screamed and kicked violently whenever required to do what did not please her whim; she was compelled to obey, though affectionately treated; and after several struggles, she one day looked up in the midst of her screams and kicks to say, "Have I got to do it anyway?" "Yes." Whereupon the little philanthropist reckoned with herself that it would be pleasanter henceforth to do what she was told without making a scene—and abandoned "tantrums" forever.

Sully says, "much of our ill-success in governing children is due to unwisdom in assigning tasks." We are too hasty, require unnecessary things, make too many rules, refuse requests too impulsively. Our only comfort, when we meditate on our own shortcomings, is, that "love endureth all things," and where they are loved children forgive and forget until seventy times seven. A very interesting method of controlling children is now discovered by scientific men under the name of suggestion. Crowd out the impulse in the child's mind to do an undesirable thing by suggesting something else. Divert the attention—avoid a conflict of wills by a "flank movement." All mothers practice this to some extent. But to do it systematically and thoroughly might prevent many a child from acquiring an obstinate or querulous or sullen habit of mind. The psychologists carry the principle still further, and say that the mother may exercise an influence allied to hypnotism, and by dwelling on the pleasure to be derived from an action actually create the pleasure in the child's mind. Then, of course, example and the influence of a tender home atmosphere count for much. The child of gentle folk will behave like the little tot who brought her dolly, saying, "Please, mamma, will you pin this with the greatest pleasure?"

Plato says, "The best way of training young is to train yourself at the same time; not to admonish them, but to be always carrying out your own principles in practice." Ruskin says, "All education to beauty is: first, in the beauty of the gentle human faces around a child; secondly, in the fields, fields meaning grass, water, beasts, flowers, sky; without these no man can be educated humanly. If the child has other things around it, and given to it—its garden, its cat, and its wisdom to the skies and stars—in time pictures of flowers and beasts, and things in heaven and heavenly earth, may be useful to it. But see first that its realities are heavenly."

I am a great believer in letting a child alone; making sure to have about it this permeating atmosphere of love, duty, reverence; and I suppose in a perfect home, every duty would be so wisely prepared for and made so natural and pleasant, that the child would never need punishment nor reward, but guided by the shadowing approval or disappointment of his beloved mother and father, wax daily stronger in virtue. The study of child-development, the comparison of methods with other mothers, the advice of the good grandmother, which is surely worthy of heed, will all help to make mothers intelligent; but unfailing patience, gentleness, and firmness, without which the best intelligence is barren. These are divine graces, and only to be obtained after struggles and failures.—*Florence Griswold Buckstaff.*

Benjamin Franklin's Religion.

Benjamin Franklin, during his eighty-fifth year, in a letter to Ezra Stiles, wrote: "You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That He governs it by His Providence. That He ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render to Him is doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do, in whatever sect I meet with them.

"As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinions of whom you particularly desire, I think His system of morals and His religion, as He left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to His Divinity, though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making His doctrines more respected and more observed; especially, as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in His government of the world with any peculiar marks of His displeasure.

"I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness. My sentiments on this head you will see in the copy of an old letter enclosed, which I wrote in answer to one from an old religionist, whom I had relieved in a paralytic case by electricity, and who, being afraid I should grow proud upon it, sent me his serious, though rather impertinent caution. I send you also the copy of another letter which will show something of my disposition relating to religion."

The Sunday School.

The Quest of Truth.

From daisied fields, a sinless youth
Passed out alone in quest of Truth;
Nor dreamed of weary search and vain,
Through days of long, relentless pain.

He sought her near and then afar,
In perfumed bud, in sheen of star,
In quiet wood, in rippling stream,
And faint, far melody of dream.

In open plain, in darkest nook,
In voice of bird, in page of book,
In painter's brush, in sculptor's art—
Yet never peered in human heart.

In mad pursuit, through drowsy night,
Of pleasure's wild, elusive light,
In grinding toil for dross of pelf,
Yet never looked to soul of self.

And why? Alas! there dwelt within
The specter foul of baleful sin—
The death of peace, of stainless joy—
To blight—transform the artless boy.

With soul ensnared within the mesh
Of sad illusion spun by flesh,
He all but lost the fact of life
In menial care and sullen strife.

Then came an hour when mystic voice
Bade broken spirit, "Rise, rejoice,
Cast off desire, forsake the clod,
Repose in union with thy God!"

And now let anthems deep resound:
With Freedom won—a soul hath found
How real was the quest of youth,—
That God alone is—can be Truth.

Kansas City, Mo. THOMAS W. DITTY.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XIV. INDIA.—ITS PHILOSOPHY.

The evening's work began with a brief review of the lessons studied thus far during the year, and a characterization of the different peoples who have passed before us. The Assyrians were practical, commercial, outward, energetic and Yankee-like. They constituted the Chicago of antiquity. The Egyptians were other-worldly. They were a people who applied themselves intensely to the mysteries of the hereafter. India was philosophic. The religious books of India all show this tendency. They are characterized by gentleness, piety, meditation, passivity. The first two civilizations have gone down and out. And India, after having survived some four thousand years of continuous literary development, is on the decline, is fraying out at the edges. Philosophy was characteristic of India, and philosophy, uncorrected by experience, over-reached itself and ran to seed in mysticism. The word mysticism has a wide range. It represents such souls as Fénelon, Channing, George Fox, Marcus Aurelius, Plato, and many of the great ones of history, on the one side. On the other side are these Yoga people, who think they can purify their souls by attenuating their food, strengthen the spirit by neglecting and weakening the body. It is told of Buddha that he lived on one grain of rice a day until his strength was exhausted and he fainted away. This led him to see that he had no strength to use the truth he had learned, and he saw the folly of so treating the body as to make it the less efficient servant of spirit. In every age there has been one man or more whose mysticism has run into imbecility. Louisa Alcott's story of "Transcendental Wild Oats," is a pathetic account of her father and his sad attempt at Fruitlands to adjust his practice to his "genealogy of notions." He could not use a tallow candle because the tallow came from a cow, and the cow had been killed to provide it. He could not wear wool because it came from the back of a sheep, and the sheep had once been alive. Nor could he wear cotton, for the raising of cotton required slave labor. He could wear only linen, even in the coldest weather, and was once seen on the streets of Boston in mid-winter, swaddled in a linen cocoon, whose many layers were insufficient to protect him from the cold. When he had carried his impractical philosophy so far that he could see nothing but starvation ahead for his family, he took himself serenely to bed and turned his face to the wall to wait for the Almighty to declare his will. The message came in the tears of his wife, and he arose to take up the burden of life and play a man's part in the world.

The most burdensome infliction which religion has ever laid upon humanity is the caste system of India. All this is based on an uncorrected philosophy. Let us try to see both sides. It is a reflection upon our intelligence or our sympathy, if we are not interested in the religious books of India. We ought to feel the dignity and sublimity of the Brahman system, and do everything in our power to cause the Christian world to respect it. But we ought not to make the opposite mistake of glorifying it beyond its deserts. It has overlaid the Eastern world with a paralyzing dogmatism and the tyrannical system of caste. There is truth and beauty in the teachings of the Brahmans, but in starving the body they starve the soul, and the cruel class distinctions which they inaugurated and have sustained for thousands of years, have eaten the heart out of India and destroyed every vestige of hope among its victims. The caste system was a direct outgrowth of the Brahmanic philosophy. All men were believed to be incarnations of Brahm. But men are different in appearance and action, and must, consequently, be different in essence. They must, therefore, have a different origin. It was then easy to believe that the Brahmans, the wise ones, came from the head of Brahm, the military caste from his shoulders, the agricultural class from his thighs, and the lowest laborers from his feet. And the emanations from his feet could have nothing in common with the emanations from his head. There was no place in this philosophy for human brotherhood.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,—
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,—
Quicken our gratitude.

—W. D. Howells.

The Study Table.

A Sunset.

Low fence and field and sweep of sky,
While tide in fulness fills its place,
Then blaze of splendor meets the eye—
Like seeing heaven face to face!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Occult Fiction.*

Novels with an occult flavor have become popular during the last few years, especially among a class of readers who are not quite courageous enough to absorb theosophy in its pure state, and yet enjoy now and then a taste of that philosophy when diluted with a large proportion of romance. The advent of the Theosophical Society in 1875, and the subsequent voluminous and extraordinary occult writings of H. P. Blavatsky, gave an impulse to this kind of literature, and many of the lesser lights in fiction have been inspired to avail themselves of the ideas of the great genius who so daringly exposed the materialism of science and the supernaturalism of religion, in her effort to pave the way for the *renaissance* of the twentieth century. Among the novelists who have translated her occult speculations into western romance, Marie Corelli seems to have been so far the most successful, but a host of others have more or less accurately portrayed the mysteries of Karma and Reincarnation in tales of ancient and modern life.

"Zelma, the Mystic" has a special claim upon our interest and attention, from the fact that the scene of the story is laid in Chicago, our wonderful city, where may be found flourishing, side by side, the rankest materialism, the narrowest orthodoxy, and the broadest religious opinion. As a story, strictly speaking, having reference to plot, incident, and character, little can be said in its favor. There is really no plot worth mentioning. The greater part of the book is taken up with dialogues in which the writer elucidates many of the ideas, partly occult and partly ethical, which Zelma, the Mystic desires to make known to the world. This personage is an elderly gentleman with the traditional long white beard, residing with his widowed daughter and preternaturally clever grand-daughter on the South Side. He has a Hindu servant, Omar Kava, from whom we expect great things at the start, but are disappointed at finding that he seldom opens his mouth during the whole story, nor ever does anything except to usher visitors in and out of the library. Zelma's first exploit is to rescue a despondent tramp from freezing on the wintry streets by taking him into his own home and family. Through his occult influence he induces Mrs. Fessenden, a woman of wealth and social standing, but overwhelmed with mental distress, to open a home for working-women, thus gaining peace of mind. Similarly, he causes Mr. Gilbert, a capitalist, to contribute a million dollars to the city of Chicago for the founding of a model prison on the lake front.

On this slender thread the author develops his philosophy. There is no denying that his argument is generally true, and, like the Sermon on the Mount, is unanswerable. Lofty ideals are presented to the reader, often clothed in beautiful language. Thus in one place the Mystic says: "Begin by waiting for the inner voice, the only reliable exponent of the soul of man. If we wait and do not become anxious to discover all there is at once, we thus go into training, and can accomplish much. Time cuts no figure. Imagine an eternity before you—time for growth, for extended research and the attainment of Nirvana when we have passed the Rubicon of knowledge. How patient can one become by the mere contemplation of eternity! This life is but a link in the great chain of lives; why look upon its trials with labored seriousness?"

Yet, on the whole, the impression created by the book is one of inadequacy. It starts out to tell a story, but its story is trite. It assumes a deep knowledge of the occult, yet lapses continually into the utterance of ethical truths that are axiomatic.

G. E. W.

*Zelma, the Mystic; White Magic versus Black.—By Alwyn M. Thurber. Authors' Publishing Company, Chicago.

"The Gate Called Beautiful."*

This "Institute of Christian Sociology" (the secondary title), by Edward A. Warriner, is, in short, a treatise on and a plea for Christian socialism, with an admixture of so-called scientific socialism. The book opens with a speculative prologue, or, in other words, a consideration of the Supreme Being and the component elements of God, which the author defines as "Nature, Art and Substance." The basis of division in this definition is not clear, as the terms are not mutually inclusive, and the entire idea rests upon a personal and unique conception. The rest of the book is a detailed consideration of the faults in the present social and economic status, and of the advantages in a reconstruction based on socialistic principles and biblical ideals. The book is moderate in tone, not extreme in any particular, and thoroughly sincere. It contains all of the many suggestions for the improvement of the present condition, which socialism upholds and reform urges. The style is prolix, and the interest of the reader retarded further by the constant bracketed quotation of biblical authority.

A. T. L.

A Mother's Ideals.**

Mrs. Proudfoot introduces her book as one not dictating rules, remedies and methods for rearing a family, but as suggesting the aims, aspirations and ideals of motherhood. A mother's ideals must of necessity be high lest we confront a paradox. Mrs. Proudfoot shows that they are many-sided as well. The child must be cared for spiritually and intellectually, as well as physically, by the mother, and that mother must be sure that she finds herself an ideal companion for her child. Simplicity, harmony, beauty and purity must be sought for in all the surroundings of the child, spiritual and material. The approach to this ideal the author finds in the kindergarten.

The book is pleasingly written and has much material for thought and earnest consideration, though we must confess that it leaves us with the question "How?" unanswered. It is so abounding in ideals that it seems hardly real. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book is the bibliography of "child-study" contained in the last chapter.

A. T. L.

*THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL. An institute of Christian Sociology. Edward A. Warriner. 335 pages. Price $1.50. New York. Thomas Whittaker.

**A MOTHER'S IDEALS. Andrea Hofer Proudfoot. 270 pages. Chicago. Published by the author.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Within us all a universe doth dwell.
MON.—All theory, my friend, is gray, but green the golden tree of life.
TUES.—The happiest of men is he who values the merits of others.
WED.—
Woman should learn betimes to serve, according to station;
For by serving, alone, she attains at last to the mast'ry.
THURS.—
The remembrance of the good
Keeps us ever glad in mood.
FRI.—
Who feels contempt for any living thing,
Has faculties which he has never used,
And thought with him is in its infancy.
SAT.—
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!

GOETHE.

Sunshine or Shadow.

Some one said, "The world is hollow,
Freighted with a hollow crew,—
Those who do not care to follow
After what is good and true."
You and I will not believe it
While we have our eyes to see,
But let those who will, receive it;
It is not for you and me.

What a pity! What a pity
That a man should waste his time
Singing such a doleful ditty,—
Putting woeful words in rhyme!
Ah, well, perhaps the hollowness
Was in himself alone;
When speaking of our neighbor's faults
We but reveal our own.

There are rough and rocky places
That we cannot pass with ease,
But we have no time to worry
Over little things like these.
The world is full of sunshine,
Of poetry and flowers;
If we cannot now enjoy them,
The fault is only ours.

'Tis true there's much of sorrow,—
Even roses grow in thorns,
And we prick our hands while searching
For the joys the cynic scorns;
But we do not mind the scratches,
If the things we seek are ours;
I'd rather have the bleeding hands
Than live without the flowers.

BELLE TAYLOR.

A Pathetic Incident.

One bitterly cold December day a few years ago, a poor little street arab, in Scotland, was crossing the Broomielaw (a bridge in Glasgow over the Clyde). He was cold, hungry and without a home, for the wretched "closes"—if he could hide in them from the eyes of the police—were the only places he could find to sleep in at night. This sleep could scarcely be called rest, for it was disturbed by fear of the guardians of the law rousing him to "move on."

As he neared the end of the bridge a "baked potato" man with his cart and charcoal stove met his eye. The man's cry of "Hot taties, hot taties, hot; penny apiece! Only twa bawbees for a hot tatie! Warm your han's an' fill your stomach, a' for a penny!" aroused the pangs of hunger.

Poor little fellow! He could not withstand the temptation, when he saw the man move to the opposite side of the street and leave his cart unguarded. He snatched a potato, at the risk of burning his hands, and ran along Clyde court as if all the police in Glasgow were after him.

As it happened, no one interested saw his theft, and he reached a secure corner and sat down to devour his prize. However, before breaking the potato, a sudden thought came over him. He started up and ran back in the direction of the Broomielaw until he saw the "tatie man's" cart. He hastened to replace the potato, but in crossing the street he missed his footing on the sleety pavement, and a heavy wagon from the docks, drawn by a team of horses, passed over his poor little body.

The ambulance carried him to the hospital, where he was tenderly cared for.

His first and only question when he regained consciousness was: "Did the mon get his 'tatie?' Oh! I wanted to gie the mon back his 'tatie.'"

He repeated this again and again until he died: "Did the mon get his 'tatie?'"

Would it have been better if he had not tried to put back the "tatie?" He would have kept the life in his little body, to be sure; but has not something better lived? What *has* lived? The goodness in his heart, for one thing; the far-back lesson of honesty that he sometime learned, for another, and our love and admiration for the heroism of goodness. Would you say it was better to keep the life of the body and lose these? Can the memory of what did live in the boy help keep alive in us something of the best?

MAY DUFF.

The Sea Swallows.

For millinery purposes an unremitting warfare has been waged upon the beautiful terns, or "sea-swallows," of our Atlantic seaboard, till they have been nearly exterminated from Florida to Maine. These beautiful, pearly-white, graceful fairies of the air were formerly a conspicuous feature everywhere along our seacoast, but fashion's demand for them quickly reduced them to a few isolated colonies of perhaps a few hundred pairs each, in place of the hundreds of thousands that formerly enlivened our shores. These owe their preservation to the efforts of a few ornithologists, assisted by financial aid from philanthropic sources, including The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who have secured their legal protection by having their resorts effectually policed by regularly authorized wardens. These few protected colonies are now rapidly increasing, but were they left for a single season without legal protection, they would be wiped out of existence by the greedy "plume-hunters," who are still on the alert to complete the extermination so nearly accomplished some ten years ago. Proof of this is available in the fact that recently, it having become rumored that a certain colony was to be left unprotected, a party of plume-hunters repaired to the breeding grounds before the arrival of the birds, equipped with a camping outfit, guns and ammunition, preparatory to beginning the slaughter as soon as the birds appeared, undeterred by any feeling of humanity or sentiment.—*J. A. Allen, Ph.D.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

The Soul's Spring Cleaning.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.
Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake yer fogy notions down,
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust,
An' dress yer soul in newer style;
Scrape from yer min' its wornout crust,
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure;
Aroun' the hearthstone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer morril cubby-holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum;
'Tis cleanin' time for healthy souls—
Git up an' dust! The spring hez come!
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbin'-brush an' soap,
An' dump ol' Fear into the rain,
An' dust a cosey chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak ev'ry cranny, great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul
Hang pootier pictures on the wall;
Scrub up the winders of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind,
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul, once froze an' hard,
Sprout crocuses of new idees.
Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart!

—*Sam Walter Foss, in "Whiffs from Wild Meadows."*

Three Superbly Equipped Fast Trains via Chicago & North-Western, between Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis. Tourist tickets on sale daily. City Ticket Office, 212 Clark St.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Leslie W. Sprague is busy at work arranging for a liberal religious mass-meeting, to be held May 4–6. It is Mr. Sprague's purpose to get together the representatives of as many denominations as possible. "What can churches do together" will be a prominent inquiry. We hope it will turn out to be a *liberal* mass-meeting rather than a mass-meeting of *liberals*, for the word "*liberal*" ought to be kept to its inclusive meaning rather than to be allowed to become a dissecting word that shuts out sometimes more liberality than it includes. Michigan, perhaps more than any other state in the West, is prepared for such a rally. With such ministers as Mrs. Crane, Mr. Sunderland, the two St(u)ewarts, Mr. Hawley and Miss Textor, the spirit of union and the message of unity will find spontaneous utterance.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—We print on our second page the program of the Iowa Liberal Congress, which deserves close study, and, we hope, will receive large attendance. A glance at this program will show how Universalists and Unitarians, Congregationalists, lawyers and professors, business men and representatives of women's clubs, Jew and Gentile, can unite for the common cause and the common interest.

Indian Citizenship Day at Hampton Institute.

This subject is somewhat difficult to treat attractively for outsiders, as the prejudice in the West against the Indian is somewhat the same feeling as that in the South against the negro. Both sections claim to know, too well, the oppressed race peculiar to their part of the country, to have any deep sympathy with either. The civil rights of either race meet with little justice or respect when conflicting with the arrogant self-assertion and selfishness of the unscrupulous white man. It is only in course of time and by a high humanitarian effort that the West and South can view the Indian and negro as Christianity requires. As the Indian receives more education and becomes a better citizen, with a fresh knowledge of what citizenship means, it would not be so very wonderful if he should prove more single in his devotion to his country than his white brother. In learning English, Indians are very exact and retentive. First principles are not readily lost sight of when carefully taught them. The Anglo-Saxon has become too subtle and complex, and, as a rule, self-interest is his first consideration. It would probably be hard to convince him that the Indian as well as the negro can teach him many things, serving as object lessons to illustrate wherein the white man has so often failed in justice and righteousness toward his neighbor. The Indian uprisings, while considered so horrible and criminal, are the result of oppression, first or last, by the white man, who thinks himself alone justified in assuming that "might is right." The recent cold-blooded murder of the colored postmaster in the South shows up the white man in his true colors. It shows the still fierce strength of the southern prejudice against the negro, and that the old Kuklux spirit is almost as rampant as ever. On February 8, 1898, we celebrated here, at Hampton, the eleventh annual anniversary of the signing of the Dawes Bill on the same date, 1887. On the program furnished for the occasion, were the pictures of the Indian papoose of the old day and the Indian baby of the more enlightened era. The papoose, strapped on its mother's back, faces in an opposite direction and cannot compare notes; the baby of the present day can anticipate and profit some by what it sees as it watches its approach. These different attitudes of the child illustrate the contrast between the old and new Indian civilization.

To show the mental attitude of our Indians here, let me quote the ideas of Lucius Bishop, the Indian who made some introductory remarks: "Indian Citizenship Day means freedom from injustice. It shows not only that Indians have a right to equality, but that they must labor against intemperance, laziness and misunderstanding, to enable the Dawes Bill to fulfill its mission."

S. McNeil (colored) said: "Both races appreciate the cost of citizenship. Lincoln and Dawes should live forever in the hearts of the red and black races. The world, to-day, is looking at you and me. We are representatives of different races educated together. We are not to carry our Stars and Stripes into battle but to honor them by upholding worthy, pure and peaceful citizenship."

Samuel George (Indian) gave his thoughts somewhat as follows: "Each tribe has a problem of its own. Taken together, the problem of the red race is, 'How can the Indian raise his race to the heights of our civilization?' It is well that we have a hard problem. To succeed, the Indian must master himself. Each red man and woman can choose between good and evil—the good being the development of strength in body and mind, which means success; evil, being loss of power to do the work of which he or she might have been capable. The Service Motto for 1898 says: 'We won by Labor and by Sacrifice.' Let us have energy and not sloth. Each one of us can strengthen his own power. Nothing has ever been accomplished without organization and concentration. The Greek army under Alexander was marshalled in the form of a wedge. This system has been used in the football teams. As the Greeks had to give strength to their soldiers; as the Indians must learn how to face superstition and ignorance and strive to become able farmers and citizens. The Class Motto is true of every individual, but particularly true of leaders. Let us get into working order."

There were other Indian speeches, but I would rather give the gist of the wise thoughts of some of our white visitors especially interested in Indian work. Hon. Mr. Sherman, chairman of the Indian Committee, said he had a lively appreciation of the opportunities at Hampton. "In the world's history, in his opinion, no greater advances have been

made than in the last thirty years for the Indian and negro; now there are 20,000 children at school, and 40,000 adults live in houses. We have not reached perfection, but we want to. I believe, with you, that education along the proper lines will solve the problem. There is always room at the top, not only for the professions, but for the trades and every walk in life. But the top is only reached by great effort. I hope to see you Indians apply yourselves to the betterment of your race, and to the elevation of all humanity; try to live so that when you die you may smile while all around you weep. Live for those that love you and for the right, and for the righting of the wrong that needs to be righted."

Hon. Mr. Mason, of Ohio, touched on the historic interest of our neighborhood. He said that in the Valley of the James had occurred the most remarkable events in history. Here, through John Smith, the red and white race met face to face. Here the slave ship brought the negro problem to our shore. In this valley the Monitor and Merrimac changed the character of naval battles; here the Union was saved; here is the solution of the race problem; here the Indian and negro problem meet. For both races climbing up is the only way — climbing down is not fair. This is true of every race. Mr. Mason thought it wonderful to see here the electric lights of the 19th century, typifying progress, begun when the red man wanted to be an intelligent part of the greatest nation in the world.

On Sunday evening, February 6th, Rev. Dr. Clark, of Rosebud Agency, chose for the subject of his speech, "Geometrical Progression," or, "Ten Times One are Ten." He spoke of the Sioux Indians, "La lotos," or Dakotas. "On the Rosebud Agency are twenty schools and three day schools. Out of 5,000 Indian people over 1,000 children go to school. Most of the people are Christians. Last Fourth of July, as it fell on Sunday, church services were held by the Indians instead of dancing festivities. Over 2,000 people attended the meeting, and much interest was manifested. One of the Indian catechists preached a very good sermon." Dr. Clark said that he had been at the agency nine years. As a child eight years of age, his grandmother gave him the "Dakota War Whoop" to read, an exciting book which gave him a wrong idea of Sioux Indians, who are not as bloodthirsty as they are represented. Much progress has been made in every way among them during the last sixteen years. General Armstrong was an example of "Ten Times One are Ten," and now the West has taken up the cry in relation to the Indians out there. Dr. Clark urged the young men and women to put the idea of geometrical progression into practice, thus multiplying by 10, 100, 1,000 souls for Christian service and usefulness wherever they went.

Let me close by quoting the ideas of Bishop McVicar, our long-time friend and trustee: "Slowly and surely public opinion is changing in regard to the Indian. Long ago, here at Hampton, we believed that, beneath the Indian circumstances, were possibilities and capacities; we believed that there was a place for the Indian; that he was not merely to be tolerated as the ward of the Nation, but honored as a citizen on an equal footing. How little do we hear nowadays about the only good Indian being a 'dead Indian.'

"Some people think that Hampton is a failure; that fine words are covering failure. There is little use in talking to people who feel this way. It so reminds me of a minister whom I heard talking, the other day, about the failure of Protestantism. That is like the story of the owl who said: 'Sunlight is a great failure.' People who see failure are behind the times. Most people realize that a great movement is going on."

ANNA L. BELLOWS.

Hampton, Virginia.

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Publisher's Notes.

Here are some more notes which may help the readers to help the publisher reach the public, which may need THE NEW UNITY, and for whose help it exists:

From a Michigan subscriber:—It is about two years since THE NEW UNITY came to be a weekly visitor in my home. I appreciate it very much, and realize what I have missed in the past.

Truly, proudly, it may claim to be a champion for those things which make for human freedom and progress.

What the world needs is an earnest, "positive, affirmative, constructive liberalism." THE NEW UNITY is an educator and inspirer, creating and compelling a deeper and broader recognition of the sublimity of human brotherhood—the unity of the race. May it live until its high ideals are realized, and witness the ripening of that which is being rapidly developed, through its and kindred efforts.

From one of the Nashville subscribers:—I must tell you how much I am pleased with THE NEW UNITY. There is so much stimulus for thought and heart that I look for its appearance eagerly, and feel that I am better prepared for life and its conflicts by its perusal. It always carries in its columns an echo of the Congress of Liberal Religions, held here last summer, and I live over again the precious days spent in listening to the utterances of the inspired men and women who made Nashville better for all time by their presence among us. After many days you will surely find the bread of life cast upon the waters return to you. In the words of the sweet-faced Miss Farmer, many of us "have found ourselves." God bless you, and all who labor for humanity.

From a young minister in Vermont:—THE NEW UNITY has been a revelation and inspiration to me during the short time I have known it. Three months ago I was ordained in the ministry and installed over a Universalist church. Shortly after I came here a friend handed me your paper. I shall try to be loyal to the army that is carrying the banners of the church of humanity. Long live the NEW UNITY! I shall become a subscriber at once, and you can be sure to count upon me for any aid I can render.

From a Unitarian minister in Massachusetts:—THE NEW UNITY has been a light to lead the advancing liberal host through the perilous paths of progress. It has been a voice that has ever rung out the highest music of the gospel of light, love and liberty. The tones are not always melodious, yet always virile, clear and assuring. That there is but one faith, hope and love; one truth, one religion, one church, one destiny for humanity. It has changed its form and size and name but never its message, invigorating and full of challenge for manfulness and courage to all men to pursue and be pursued by ideals. Single handed and alone it has crossed Rubicons, burned bridges, seemingly finding itself in the enemy's field, yet it has moved on to time. It has astonished old friends and won for itself new ones. NEW UNITY has never asked what would be popular or what course will gain for it friends and patrons, but simply what is true and what is right. God help it still to fight the good fight of faith.

From one who has known NEW UNITY *from its youth up, in Kansas:*—I have always a loving thought for NEW UNITY, and am very proud of its achievements. I am thoroughly in sympathy with its broad platform and its hospitality to all earnest thought. How do you manage to find so many fine selections for that first page? My hearty congratulations to you for all you have done to promote a more appreciative attitude towards all religious thought.

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A CALL!

An Iowa Liberal Congress of Religion

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

WILL BE HELD AT

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 26, 27, 28, 1898

THE INVITATION

All under whose eyes this notice may fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of religion as things of the spirit and purpose, rather than of speculative opinion: things too great for dogmatic expression, and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial: all those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment, are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense inter-denominational, we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. *We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandments — love to God, and equal love to our fellows.*

The Congress is to be held in the Universalist Church, corner of Third Avenue and Sixth street, only three blocks from the Union Station.

As far as possible, visitors will be met at the trains and directed to the church, where a committee will be in waiting to assign them places of entertainment. To such as prefer a hotel, arrangements have been made at the Grand, at rates varying from $2.50 to $4.00 per day.

It is very desirable that persons expecting to attend will inform the Secretary a little in advance of their coming, that places may be ready for them.

The program is not yet ready for publication, but we can announce that the opening sermon will be given by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, on Tuesday evening, April 25, and that Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and other representatives of the National Congress will be present.

Come you in churches and you outside of churches; spread the news; extend this notice. Send to the Secretary for copies of this call and send them to your friends.

For further information apply to the Secretary, J. H. PALMER,
520 8th Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS AND INVITATIONS:

HON. GIFFORD S. ROBINSON, Sioux City; Justice Supreme Court.
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MRS. FRANK CARROLL, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. C. D. VAN VECHTEN, Cedar Rapids.

In further exemplification of the spirit of the above call and the purpose of the meeting, we print as supplementary matter the following card of the General Congress. For further particulars concerning the work of this Congress, address the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, or subscribe for the organ of the Congress, THE NEW UNITY, published weekly, 185 Dearborn St. Chicago. $2.00 per annum.

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—From Articles of Incorporation of the Liberal Congress of Religion.

Important Notice

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Since its publication last October, nearly **50,000** copies of the **New Illuminated Holy Bible** have been distributed by religious papers, as premiums, etc., at about **one-quarter** regular prices; this being the plan adopted by the American Bible House to speedily advertise and popularize their beautiful new publication. This plan has proved so successful that the New Illuminated Bible is now known throughout the continent and is everywhere recognized **as the most superb edition of the Holy Scriptures ever made.** In consequence of this eminently successful introduction, the publishers announced that their special distribution at introductory prices would **end on March 1;** but in response to numerous requests they have consented **to extend the time for 30 days,** so that our liberal special offers, as given below, will be **continued until April 10. This is**

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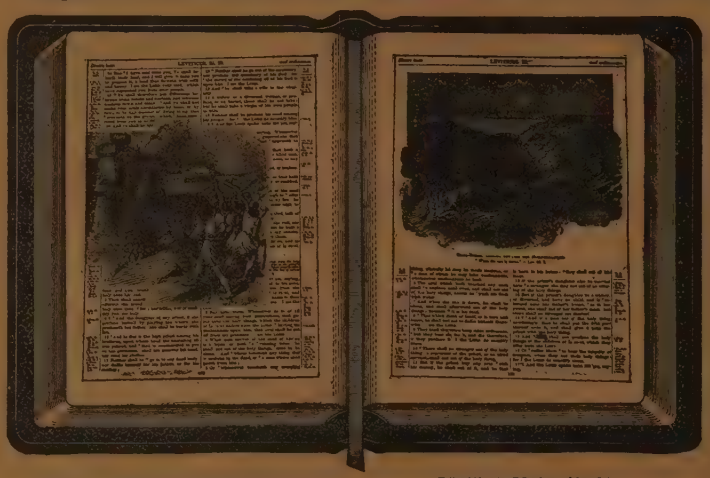

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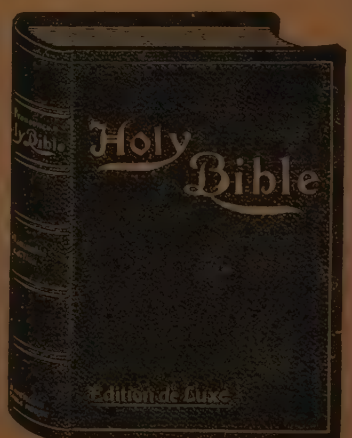

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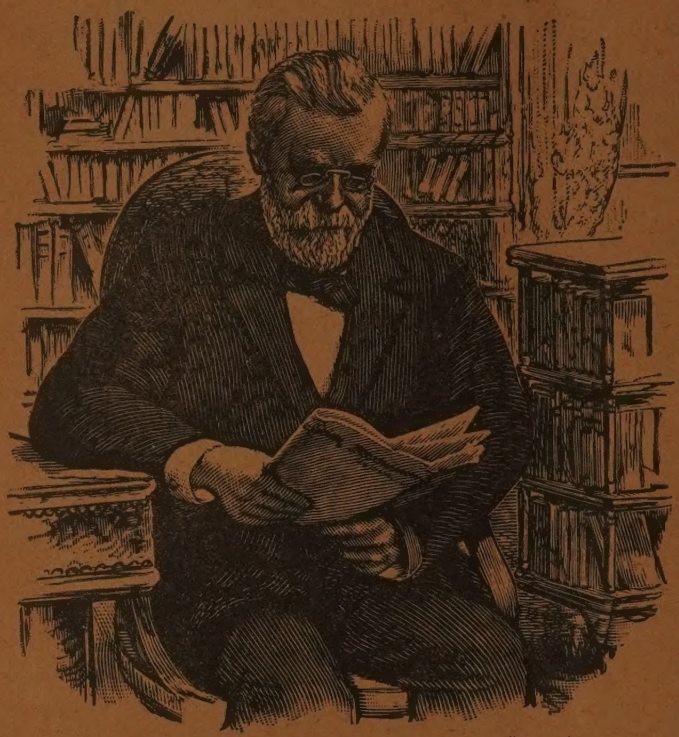

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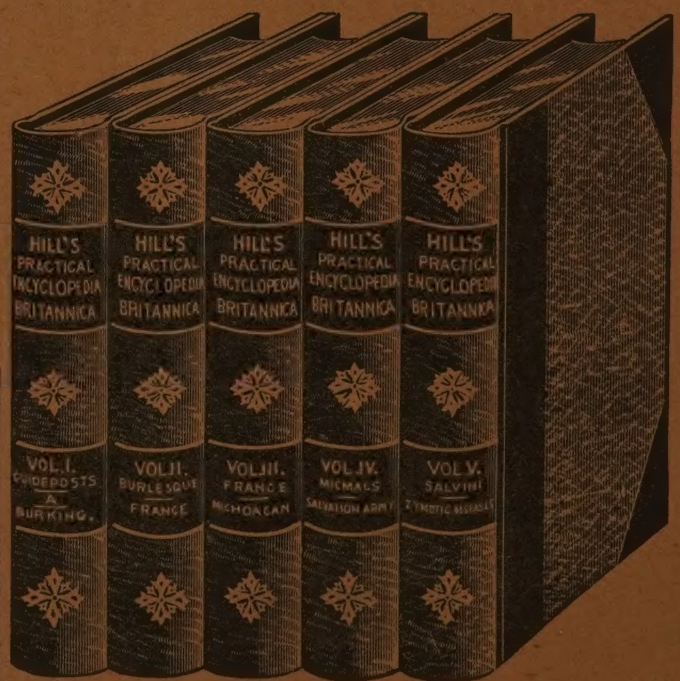

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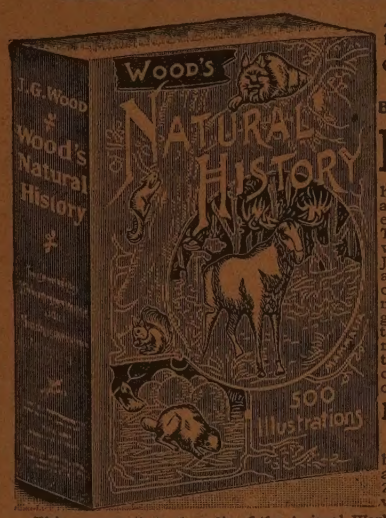

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